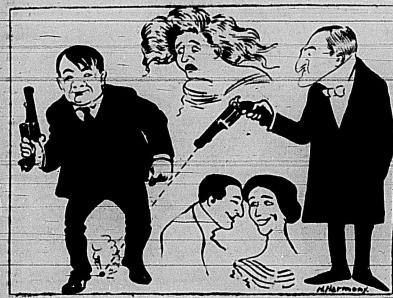
"The Silver Girl" Sincere but Hopelessly Old-Fashioned.

Western people persist in coming to New York to make stage spectacles of themselves and martyrs of us? And, anyway, isn't it abou time that the Western play was given a return ticket and packed off over the prairies? With the possible exception of "The Round-Up," which shoots in our jaded nerves, it has become very tame and equally tiresome. How muclenger is Broadway to be The Great Divide?

In "The Three of Us," Miss Rachel Crothers rang a change on the old orde of things by sending Eastern folk West, but other authors are still driving the stage coach East and placing it in competition with our more picturesque rul berneck wagon. Looking back over the trail we can see the burden of guilt re-ing upon Paul Armstrong's packed shoulders. It was Mr. Armstrong, you may emember, who brought us. "The Helr to the Hoorah" and left the gate open by

The latest arrival is "The Sliver Girl," at Wallack's. Twenty-five years and The Sliver Cirl" might have been a new and gittering thing. Last night seemed singere, but hopelessly old-fashioned. It commended itself, as an hone. siece of work by Edward Peple, who creates that tender little thing. "The Princ which caused Manhattan to wipe away a tear during a particularly hard Treatted winter. This time, however, the tear remained in hiding, it refused to i lured from its lair. The heart didn't ache—it was something else.

four ants seemed long and dreary and musty with the past. After "Th Step-Sister" we were ready to weep with "The Silver Girl," but there was no use trying. We must leave that blessed privilege to Manager Frank McKee, wh We couldn't sympathize with Annie Hunter, the miner's wife who preferred New York to Nevada, and furnished her Seventy-second streehome with a burr that wouldn't come off. When she began to "live" we felt ginning to die. We knew what would happen the moment she started going to grand opera with Nathan Hargrave. That is invariably latal to the of Western ladles whose husbands don't fit their "dress suits." Any thing is titely to impoen after grand opera when the system isn't used to it



George Fawcett as Hunter; Jane Oakes as Annie; G. Nash as Hargrave. Ed Nicauder as Dick, with Lillian Albertson as Julia Raymond.

But nothing did happen last night until the stage clock struck 10.30. 'Chuck Wilson, one of those impossible Westerners that never happen off the stage, had whooped it up a bit, and "Jeff," the miner-husband, had sentimentalized about Nevada, but nothing of any consequence occurred until word came that "The Silver Girl" mine had been stolen. "Jeff" determined to go back and rescue the mine. Annie couldn't bear the thought of leaving New York and her "exquisite" furniture. So "Jeff" started off without her, while she and the city chap went to the opera. But "Jeff" was stalled in the Subway, and so he missed his train and came back home. Sometimes the Subway knows its business. By stalling a train on this momentous occasion it enabled "Jeff" to forestell an elopement.

A beautiful governess whose mother needed an operation which "Jeff" had financed, told him that his wife and Hargrave were going to run away together "You mean little snake, git out of my house!" shouted "Jeff. deced him to listen to the brief but painful particulars. Then "Jeff" put out the

lights and waited for the plot to thicken. For once Annie had found the opera too much for her, and the was back ahead of time with Hargrave. They would go to Paris, said he. Annie wasn't sure about it, but when Hargrave told her that her husband didn't understand her and asked her how she would like the simple life in a mountain cabin, she thought better of Paris. Yes, she would go without changing her dress. They were getting away when up went the lights and out stepped "Jeff" from behind

He had beard "all." wife was sent out of the room. Without looking at her invar. "Jeff" walked over to a table, ploked up two pistole and gave Hargrave his choice. they would fire, he said, when the clock struck the half-hour. They took their places at opposite sides of the poom. Ting! went the clock. Bang! went Har-"Why didn't you shoot straight?" asked "Jeff," who hadn't raised his

In the last act, "out that in the hills," Annie went back to "Jeff"—that was came from. Promising he will not try to came from try him." Her deep reache. Isek induses the nearly and a trick of saying to the air, but he had no opportunity to equal his capital performance of how he deceived her in recard to Dick. Afterman Phetan in "The Man of the Hour." Miss Jane Oakes was true to her

burr as the wife, and Miss Lillian Albertson was a governess who can feach many of our actresses a jesson in making a great deal of little. She is worth watch-Scarcely as much can be said for the play. "The Silver Cirl" grows as heavy CHARLES DARNTON. - 661

Beauty Advice to Women By MISS Ayer you, but the telling meant that I should "What could I do? I was almost mad

Lines Around the Eves.

R .- Probably these lines around the eyes are only visible to you and , you neither need an operation nor maassage. You can massage your own face, using the tips of the fingers for Too Fat at Seventeen. the delicate skin around the eyes, and always doing this before the mirror, so as to see what you are doing. Don't

rub the lines in, rub them out se you

would rub out wrinkles in a piece of

a little perfectly pure cologne of the very best kind on a handkerchief or a piece of cotton. Be sure and not get the cologne in the eyes, keeping them closed until the smarting is over.

K .- Your figure will probably settle as you grow older; that is if you are careful to take regular exercise in the open air, practise deep breathing and avoid sating sweet foods silk. Always use cream when masses desserts, candy, &c. I would certain; ing. When you have not time for this not advise you to take anything to reand the lines look deeper to you, apply duce your fiesh. desserts, candy, &c. I would certainly

'Limerick'' Prize Winners.

THE EVENING WORLD will give three prises every day of \$5, \$5 and \$2 for the three best last lines for uncompleted "limericks." The prizes here iwarded are for last Saturday's limerick.

There was a young man whose mustache Was rough as a textile of crash. His sweetheart said "Sir! I hate facial fur,

FIRST PRIZE-\$5.

"It's osculatory goulash."

William T. Manning, No. 45 Prospect street, Waterbury, Conn.

SECOND PRIZE-\$3.

'Sifted kisses remind me of hash."

P. R. Brown, Darien, Conn.

THIRD PRIZE-\$2.

"Scad that to the 'rummage' for trash." Miss Marion Helm, No. 1967 Springfield avenue, Irvington, N. J

Prizes for the "limerick" here printed will be awarded Saturday, Oct. 19

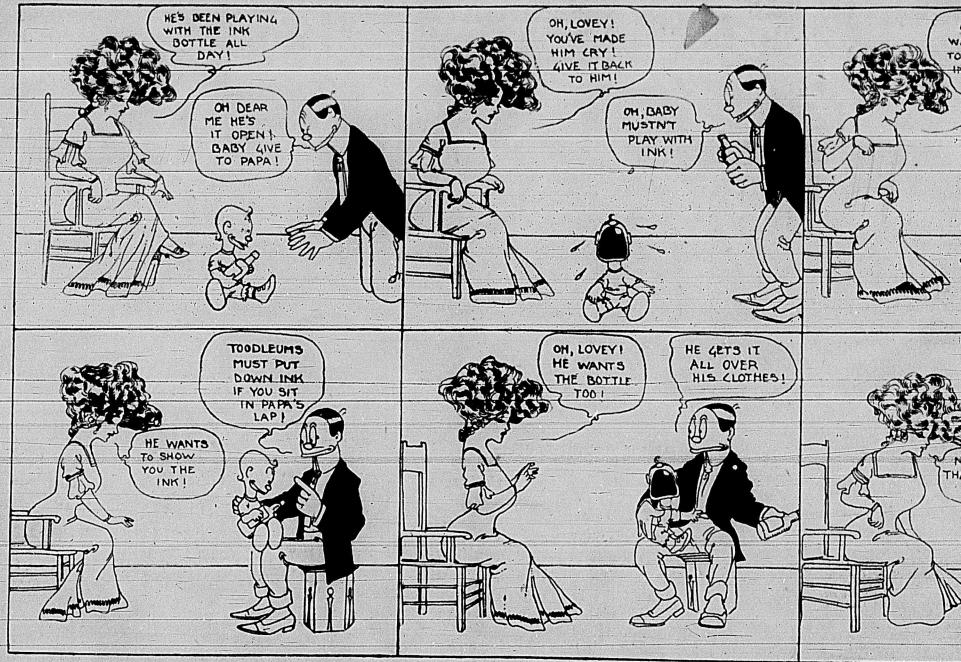
There is a young wife who hates missing A single half minute of kissing. Every second she'll roar: "You don't love me no more!"

Write the line to complete this "limerick" and send to "LAST LINE EDITOR, Evening World, P. O. Box 184, New York City."

The Newlyweds & Their Baby







Love Sends "The Round Up" Hero Into the Desert on a Life

The Round Up.

(A Romance founded on the great play of the same name.)

By John Murray.

(Convright 1907, by John Murray.)

SINOPSIS OF PUBLICADENC CHAPTERS

Take Tayeor a young arisons ranch
owner, marries Tohe Ailem daughter of a
nelseborine catt. man. Echo. long before,
was engrared to Jack's chum. Dick Lane,
but believing the latter to have been murdered by Anaches accepts Payson, Jack
knows Dick is alive, but keeps the hawsfrom Echo. fearing to lose har. Just before
the wedding Dick annease, navs Jack \$3.000
he owes. learns the truth and debarts. An
old station-measter named Terrill has been
shot and demolited of \$3.000 by Buck McKee.
a halfbreed "bad man, who has lured Dick
Lane's youngest brother. "Bad," into acting

CHAPTER XVI.

The Confession.

DIDN''I know it until after wn were engaged," pursued Jack "The next day I wanted to tell streaming down her face.

Jack drew from his product the letter

which Dick had inclosed in the one which he had sent Jack, telling him of his proposed return. She took the missive mechanically and opened * slowly. "I wanted to be square with him-

honor-I couldn't lose you and so"---His words fell on unhearing ears. She was not listening to his pleadings, Her thoughts dwelt on Dick Lane and what he must think of her. She had taken refuse at the plane.

Blowly she arose; crushing the letter in her hand in a low, stunned voice of the room, as if following the sumhusled his tage in his hands

"Yes," he confessed. night we were married. I met him in the garden. He paid that money he Back to the Desert! Horror-struck, Echo turned to him. "He was there that night?" she "Oh, Jack. you never told me. I had given my knew him to be living?

became her plight." "I loved you," Jack was defending himself now, fighting for his love. "Did Dick believe I knew he was living," continued the girl mercilessly, "Yea."

"Jack! Jack!" sobbed Echo, rears

where he had been in the hospital. He to kill him then and there. I left your was coming home-he inclosed this let- father to guard the door-to keep him out until after the ceremony." Jack could scarcely control his voice The sight of Echo's suffering unmanned

> "My father, too!" walled Bobo. "He thought only of your happiness,"

ack exclaimed. hut I loved you," pleaded Jack. "I "What of my promise-my promise to loved you better than life, better than marry him? Where is he?" mouned the

"And you let him go.

wife.

Lane has gone from our lives. He will never return,"
"He must!" screamed Echo. "There

kept repeating the words, aghast at the knowledge that Echo had forced upon him. "Bring him back to me," firmly she

Jack gazed at her in fear. Choking-'he cried again: "You love him?"
"I don't know. All I know is that he as suffered, is suffying new through our treachery. Bring him back to me tat I may stand fine to face with him id say. I have not lied to you. I have to betrayed your trust.

and say I have not lied to you. I have not betrayed your trust."
"You love him" he repeated,
"Find him-bring him back."
Jack was helpless, speechless. Echo's stand overpowered him.

"You kee him!" he repeated the point of the stand overpowered him.

"You kee him!" he repeated the point of the point of the desert. The wife staggered to the piano, slowing sinking to the seath after battling in awful silence. She moved to the middle of the room, as if following the summons.

"The desert! My droam!" she while tered in awe.

Back to the Desert!

"He is gone out of our lives forever!" cried Jack, facing her with arms out
"You kee him!" he repeated the point of the point of the room. In the stand overpowered him.

"The has ruined Diok's lift on him the woman he had turned her back on him. This action hurt him more than any word she had spoken. Her sace was buried in her so as he let my brother a spoken. Her sace was buried in her so as he let my brother a pour lift convert!"

Back fol the Desert!

"You kee him!" he repeated the point of the back from the back from the book was too strong.

"He has ruined Diok's lift on him the woman he had turned her back on him. This action hurt him more than any word she had spoken. Her sace was buried in her so as he let my brother a pour lift of the point.

Jack followed her to take her again in his arms, but she made no sign of forgiveness. Turning, he strode to the cate, took down his hat and cartridge belt. Picking up his rifle, he firmly delice the door Echo belt. Picking up his rifle, he firmly delice the door Echo belt. Picking up his rifle, he firmly delice the door Echo belt. Picking up his rifle, he firmly delice the door Echo belt. Picking up his rifle, he firmly delice the door Echo belt. Picking up his rifle, he firmly delice the door Echo belt. Picking up his rifle, he firmly delice the door Echo belt. Picking up his rifle, he firmly delice the door Echo belt. Picking up his rifle, he firmly delice the door Echo belt. Picking up his rifle, he firmly delice the door Echo belt. Picking up his rifle, he firmly delice the door Echo belt. Picking up his rifle, he firmly delice the door Echo belt. Picking up his rifle, he firmly delice the door Echo

"What will not a man do to keep the roused Echo to a full rea woman he loves?" argued Jack. "Dick what she had done. She had roused Echo to a full realization what she had done. She had driven one man she really loved out of her il sent him forth to wander over the fuf the earth in search of Dick Lane, whom she no longer cared. She m is a crime charged against you—he must return to prove that your story as to the money—he must know thibugh your own lips the lie that separated specific come back!"

Whom she no longer cared. She must bring him back. She must tell him that he alone kept her heart in his keeping. "No—no—Jack—come back!" she called "I love you and you alone—come back."

Before she could throw ones the door

" What Have You D

Echo laid her hand on the open the door, when she it click of the hammer as Bud with a prayer in her eyes, at the boy. He was obdurate, could move him.

Turning, she shricked:
"No, I did not callis, Go, usine, go!"

No. 1 did not callid. Go. risms, gol!" was Jack's fare The rapid beat of horse's hoo his mounting and riding away "Gene! Oh, Bud, Bud, what

May Mante

adapted both

to cheviot.

with black

homespuns and sim

ilar rough finished cloths and to the

dressy plain ones

but in this instance

silk braid as a fin-

are sure to be need-

ed during the sea-

son, and mixtures

too, could be aubatituted for the braid

or contrasting cloth as tan color on green or blue

Agnin, the coat al-

lows a choice of full

or three-quarter

length Bluttons

make a feature of

present styles and

Material required

years) is 4 7-8 yards

27, 3 34 yards 44 oc

Dear Betty:

How to Know Her Better.

Dar Betty:

AM in love with a girl to whom I have only spoken a few times. would like to get better acquainted with her. How can I do this? M. M. Ask her if you may call.

To Win Her Back. Betty:

AVE been keeping company with a young lady for four years and broke the engagement one month ago because I did not like her to go to dances every two weeks. I still love her and am now able to have a home of my own. How can I win her love?

Write her a note saying you are sorry for the quarrel and ask if you may

Household Hints.

Peanut Mayonnaise.

O one-half cup mayonnaise salad dressing add one heaping teaspoon peanut butter, thoroughly nixed in a small quantity at a time. It

Creamed Potatoes.

O LICE thinly six boiled polatoes. Make a white sauce with a spoonful each of flour and chopped parsley fried in butter. Do not let these get brown. Add a cup of water and last the chopped potatoes. Season with salt and pepper and let boil slowly for ten minutes, stirring often. Serve hot,

Cocoanut Pie.

AKE under crust; put a pint of sweet milk in a pan and set it in a kettle of hot water. When the milk boils add three tablespoonfuls of sugar; then two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, dissolved in a little cold milk. Cook until it thickens, then add one-half box of cocoanut. Take off the stove and add whites of the egys, whisped to a stiff froth. Turn the mixture into the shell and place in the eyes to brown.

all again. In the future don't bedictatorial as to her pleasures.

A Disagreeable Sister.

HAVE devoted some attention to young lady for seven months past. A short time ago when I realled there her sister without cause deliber-ately offended me among a large number of guests. She has never apologized. Is it proper for me to call?

you are courting the first young lady it is unnecessary for you to stop much to have him call again, but am

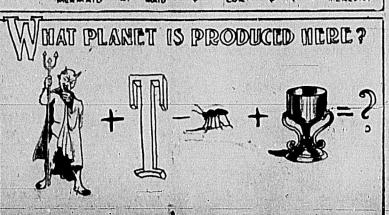
To Ask Him to Call.

HAVE known a young man all my call, if you so desire. life, but he never called on me as I could for him the evening he pear Betty: called, but I did not ask him to call again. He did not mention it either. Kindly let me know if it was my place

to ask him to call. I would like very

I Chia aum apella MERCURY





to call he would have asked your per

mission to do so. However, it is proper for you or your mother to ask him to

AM just crazy with worrying. I am medly in love with a widow who is made of Copen-is thirty years old and who has bagen blue broad two children. She lets me call her by her first name "Lizzie." My friends laugh at me because her name is Lizi ish. More servicezie. Do you think her first name ought able; sturdy wraps to make any difference to me? Also am I too young to marry being almost nineteen? Do you think she loves me? She never answers when I ask her if she does.

You are entirely too young to marry. The widow's name should make no difference to you, but she evidently does not care for you. Don't waste your too, could be substituted by the could be substituted by the

How's Your Luck?

Horoscope for To-Day. By Ali Baba Boo.

Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1907.

SK favors this day, particularly offered by the score A of those who are in o'roum. stances similar to yours. It is

a helpful time. Those whose birthdate this is will the encoyed by puzzling letters during the twelvemonth. The annoyance will seem much greater than it should be. When the trouble is over it, will be seen that it was magnified. If this crists is well overcome their business will be prosperous.

The boy born to-day will be clever, but too fond of female society. In which he will be a great favorite. He will do best is employment.

The girl born to-day will be bright and helpful. She will be inclined to sacrifice too much, but her life will be happy. be annoyed by puzzling letters during

How to Obtain

3 yards 52 inches wide with 3 3-4 yards of braid.
Pattern No. 5813 is cut in sizes for siris of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age. Call or send TON FASHIO IMPORTAN' ways specify